

Real

Rylo Rodriguez

Wishin' I could erase what we've been through
Wish that I could erase me hurtin' you
Wish me fuckin' these hoes made me forget you (Damn, Kai you goin' crazy)
Wishin' I'd get us all out the ghetto
These rap niggas can't see me thought they my sons, yeah, I'm a deadbeat
Pretty lil' thing, tried to scoop her, got fed say he miss his bed sheets
Toronto vibe, she don't care if I don't put my dick in 'cause she a head fre
ak
She go bed with the dick in her mouth, call her sleepy head, she had the bes
t sleep

Studio with all the lights off
I'm the same nigga when the mic off
Same nigga wanna take the lights off
I know that Trump still in the white house
I'm hood dreamin', codeine in my bloodstream had me aggravated
I lost a lot of friends, when they die, tell my mama bury me with a navigati
on (I'ma find them)
On the road to riches, I jumped off the exit for some niggas I love
I almost OD'd off them Xans, I was thinking 'bout killin' myself
Made a bond with another nigga bitch even though it was time to bail (It was
time to bail)
When it's his bday when I take money down to the county jail (Yeah)
Wanna go overseas, I ain't no felon
You still a rat if you thought 'bout tellin'
Palm angles 2k let's walk by heaven (Yeah)
Percocet and the Addy (Yeah)
Misery loves company, my old ho sent the addy (Do that)
Crushed diamond emeralds on me, I don't know how it happened
Drop a car but you can't post it, 'cause you don't wanna get caught lackin'
They told me money would fix everything (They lied)
I dropped some tears on a hundred grand (I cried)
So you sayin' I'm supposed to stack this paper up, just for you to fuck it u
p, for you to say I'm real?
I really do not care 'bout RP's or roxies
I just pray lil jojo get appeal (Woah, woah, woah)
I know lot of niggas wasn't really with me, I seen they crooked smiles
But this love for 'em, I wanted to give 'em veneers
I hold my money, you gotta L , you just had a year, so what you crying 'bout
?
They ain't want me to spike the ball, I bought two Rollies and now I got tim
e out
Fuck me up, I couldn't help Dave, I seen him on the curb dying now

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Seven days in the trap, he don't want me to say it, he was goin' crazy

I know a Blood who scam, he don't wanna leave the bank, he be goin' brazy
Said he 'bout to see me on the Gram, hol' up
He must not rap no more, it's bigger than that, trust me
My spine hurts, 'cause I gave back so much, my niggas crutches
Niggas'll tell, Cut my watch with an axe, only way my time get cutted
Digital scales, once your ten is a nine, you'll die end up in custody
Think 'bout the Rolls Royce, we used to walk for hours (We talking 'bout tha
t)
Now we quit the job and we pray we get off first
I'm real life rapping 'bout money even though I went got me some
Lot of these niggas OG's rats in the city we from
Twenty-one pairs of Diors, I buy 'em like they Dions
I know a gangsta who went to jail and got treated like a peon
Writin' free my niggas on my banner, I'm in Off-White coats
I know a trapper, he won't never buy designer, he got off-white coke
She want me to cuff her, made her fuck my brother, beat her to it, she could
n't even clap it on me
Got a FaceTime with James Harden, he motivate me to always keep a rocket on
me
I'm workin' harder on vacation, my niggas died on home invasions
Got a pistol with me on probation, money orders, no visitations
I'm grown, I'm still a project baby
Free lunch at the recreation, yeah
Sorry grandma I ain't graduate, who the hell cares
I know niggas who got diplomas sittin' in jail cells
Cartier, eight hundred for a pair, I broke three of 'em in a year span
Now they book me, I came a long way from standin' in line waitin' on a wrist
band

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